

New Parents by prettyboiiharringrove

Series: Omega!Billy Hargrove [3]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

anonymous — I noticed in your last ask you mentioned how we shouldn't get you started on omega!billy and pregnant!billy but please, please, feel free to ramble at us?? I was sad when you ended the drabble/headcanons before the baby was born, so do you have anything about that? Or just general cute kid fic-y goodness?? Billy would be a great dad tbh (and so would steve) and I'd love to hear your thoughts in it!! Especially stuff involving their first kid (and maybe another surprise pregnancy not long after?)

1. Labor Pains

Billy has an intense and long labor, He goes back and forth between panting, shutting down into stunned silence, sleeping while the contractions are a decent amount apart, and crying way more than he would like to admit. He thinks he's being a baby, has to be told by Steve, Hopper, and two goddamn nurses that it's perfectly fine to cry, that he's actually doing a lot better than most people would when they've been in labor this fucking long, for him to actually forgive his 'ridiculous' behavior.

Any time something no one warned him about happens he panics, just like when he saw that little bit of blood at the start. Billy is so scared, the nurses are constantly trying to calm him down, his heart rate is way too fast. Steve eventually has to crawl in the bed behind him and let Billy lean against him for Billy to settle.

Steve doesn't say anything about Billy accidentally clipping him on his chin when he throws his head back when he first starts to push. He figures he has no right to complain considering Billy apparently feels like he's being ripped apart.

It doesn't help that the doctor keeps pointing out how big the baby is. They know he's big, Steve's been affectionately calling him 'melon head' for a solid month, and getting hit for it or given the silent treatment every time because of it.

Yeah, their little 'melon head' is a boy. Billy had tried to let it be a surprise but he isn't exactly known for being patient and any time the discussion of finding out the gender came up, Steve got ridiculously giddy. It didn't take long for them to give up and ask the doctor to tell them.

Turns out Billy could have done without knowing; he'll be happy no matter what so long as they just get him out.

Billy's exhausted, head turned slightly, forehead covered in sweat as Steve wipes away the hair that is sticking to his skin. He's inhaling Steve's scent like it's his first time breathing fresh air. He's trying to find anything that can help him get through this because right now,

right in this moment, he feels like a failure.

"I can't, I can't do it," he shakes his head, fresh tears spilling. "I can't do it anymore Stevie, I can't."

Logically they both know that's not a possibility, but Billy just wants to sleep, wants to give up and go home, and Steve wants to let him, to tell him it can wait. The problem is it can't, that baby is on his way and he needs Billy's help to come into this world.

Steve doesn't give him the answer he wants, but Hopper squeezes Billy's shoulder and Steve kisses his neck, gentle fingertips tracing against his side. "You can sweetheart, c'mon. Don't you wanna meet our little boy?"

Billy doesn't know where the sudden burst of energy comes from, but apparently his alpha's words are laced with fucking magic or some shit, because Billy grits his teeth, pushes, and zones out. Billy is oblivious to the world until relief washes over him, gazing up at Steve with half lidded, glazed over eyes looking to see if he had done the right thing.

Just this once though, he doesn't need Steve to help him with the come down. What brings Billy back to himself is high pitched screeching that somehow both worsens his migraine and fills him with such joy he feels like his heart might burst. The baby is squirming and covered in gunk, but Billy is relieved when he's placed on his bare chest. He needs to feel him close, needs his baby pressed flush against him more than he's ever needed anything.

"That's our little boy, you did that baby," every word is laced with pride; he can hear it in Steve's voice that he's crying. He knows that this is the happiest moment of their life, can't believe they're sharing it, can't believe they actually made it this far. For Christ's sake, Billy's only just turned seventeen, they shouldn't have made it this far.

Yet here they are.

Steve is holding Billy close to him, his long arm gently going around him so that he can stroke their son's cheek with his index finger. Billy is staring down at the newborn with wonder, repeating Steve's words

back to him as if he doesn't believe it.

"I...I did that," he nods, as a smile teases at the corner of his mouth. He barely registers the good natured huff of laughter that escapes Hopper, but he doesn't miss Hopper leaning in close, telling him how proud he is.

Billy snuffles as it washes over him that he has a family. Neil didn't kill him, Neil didn't bend and break him the way he had wanted. Billy had survived and found a family of his own, a place where he doesn't always have to look over his shoulder, where he's safe and loved and not a whore, but a lover and a father and a big brother and maybe kind of the son of a good man.

It's funny how he got close to Max after he moved out, how the chief went from seeing him as a self-destructive punk to a sort of son, how he went from breaking plates over Steve's head to protecting him with all his might. He knows he's lucky, can't help but be grateful.

Billy thinks that the only thing that might make this moment better is his sisters.

He needs a few moments to be alone with Steve and their little prince, tells Hopper as much and prays that he understands. Hopper does, nods, smiles, and kisses Billy on the top of his head.

Billy looks away from his child for only a few seconds, smiling at Hopper sweetly and saying "Can you bring the girls with you when you come back?"

2. Seriously ?? Again ??

The year is coming to an end, Billy's about to graduate, his baby boy is going to be a year old in a few months, he's working crazy hours to make ends meet, he never gets to sleep between work, school, and their son.

Cuddling up to Steve, Steve giving him massages, Steve bringing their little boy to school to have lunch with him, Steve kissing him anywhere and everywhere he can, telling Billy he's smart and beautiful and good, watching him play with their baby, their son's sweet giggles and little sweet snores and whimpers, that's what keeps Billy going.

it keeps him going but his anxiety is getting worse each day. It gets so bad that panic induced vomiting is becoming a regular occurrence.

One day Hopper bites the bullet and finally approaches Billy. It's awkward and a little tense, but it's good enough. He wonders if Billy is in denial or just oblivious. Steve is all kinds of clueless puppy dog but Billy, he's intuitive. You'd think he would notice by now.

Hopper looks at Billy, a faint blush on his cheeks. He's a grown man that has had way worse conversations, hell, he had to have the talk with El last time Billy was pregnant, but this is still really fucking weird. He doesn't know when or how it happened, but Hopper sees Steve and Billy as sons of sorts, so it's really weird to even think about what caused this situation, despite the fact that the most prevalent proof of their sexual escapades is the cutest little baby boy in the world.

Hopper is really stressed about his heart getting diced up into sections and gifted to each one of these kids. If any of them get hurt it's going to kill him.

He looks at Billy, shakes his head to prepare himself and says "Hey kid, you ever think that maybe you feeling like crap is more than anxiety ?? I mean I know there's a lot going on but last time you were like this — "

He doesn't get to finish his sentence before Billy is shaking his head and protesting.

"No, no way, you're not suggesting what I think you're suggesting, no fucking way."

"I'm just saying it's a possibility you should consider," Hopper shrugs, worrying his lip and rubbing the back of his neck.

"I am not pregnant. You know how often I get fucked *chief* ?? I've got no fucking free time, and trust me if I could have him inside me, I would but —"

"Woah, woah, okay stop, *stop* !!" Hopper considers plugging his ears and singing obnoxiously in the way a child would. He manages to stop himself, but just barely.

"I'm just saying, if it happened I'm either the most fertile guy on the planet or Steve's got really strong fucking swimmers," he groans, pushing his hair back and pulling slightly, continuing his commentary before Hopper can interject. "And I've got a seven month old, in what world should I be having another kid ??"

Hopper can sense his panic and he hates it, puts a sour taste in his mouth and makes him tense. He knows it's a justified reaction, but that doesn't make it any better. "Look kid, whatever happens, we'll figure it out. No point freaking out before you know anything."

"Yeah, right, thanks..."

Billy distracts himself with studying for finals, and spending time with his family. He doesn't want to take a test until he has time to think about it, doesn't want to tell Steve either.

Eventually it's the day of graduation and in getting ready he accidentally confesses to Max that he thinks he might be pregnant. He can't tell how she feels other than shocked. Billy's shocked himself, he had no intention of telling her, but it feels good to talk to her about it.

She offers to get him a test since he's too busy and he doesn't like the idea of his fourteen year old kid sister buying a pregnancy test but at least it's not actually for her. They finish getting ready and she disappears just after pictures, trying her best to get back early enough so Billy can take it before graduation. She manages to get back in time to hand it off to him, but he has no time to actually find a restroom and see the verdict.

Instead he makes a last minute decision to take his son so that he can carry him across the stage with him, and tries to ignore the weight of the test in his pocket. He knows it's not that heavy but it somehow weighs him down.

Once the ceremony is over he forces his way out of the crowd and is so relieved when he finds himself in Steve's arms instead of squished in with a bunch of people, trying to shield his little boy from idiots who don't know how to act around a baby.

They take photos again and at some point Steve is pressed against Billy's side whispering to him. "So, did you take it yet ??"

Billy knows what he's asking about but he doesn't know how he knows about the test. What he does know is that at least four cameras caught his eyes going comically wide, practically bulging out of his head.

He kicks Max in the back of her leg since it's all he can reach, mouths '*what the fuck ??*' when she finally looks at him. She gives him a weird look before looking at Steve, who has apparently calmed down since they spoke earlier and is smirking. Max feels ratted out, but she guesses that's fair considering she did the same thing to Billy.

She moves closer to him, staring at the ground as if she's investigating the concrete, trying to measure the width of the cracks, instead of looking at her brother.

"Fucking seriously??" Billy is mortified, doesn't know what to tell Steve; he's just relieved he's not mad at him.

"I needed cash and you were busy. He wouldn't give it to me until I told him why. Look, it's not like I knew you didn't tell him," at least

she sounds guilty. She doesn't outright say she's sorry, but she sounds apologetic enough that Billy decides not to start a fight.

"Alright, just scram. I gotta talk to him." Max nods, not wasting a second to make her escape, seeming like she's worried Billy might change his mind.

He looks at Steve with wide eyes, clearly scared.

"I swear I was gonna talk to you about it, it's just been so crazy, I was waiting for all of this to be over," his words are rushed as that familiar anxiety returns for another visit. Steve's gaze remains gentle and that serves to alleviate some of the weight and burn in his chest.

"I believe you, it's fine, I'm not mad, a little spooked, but not mad. You didn't answer my question though," Steve sighs, pulling Billy close, holding him in place with a hand on each hip, hoping to sooth the rest of Billy's lingering panic.

"I don't know, I didn't have time to take it before it was time to line up."

"Okay, but you have it right? How about we sneak off before we all head to dinner and we'll see then?" Billy is thankful for moments like this, where Steve can remain steady for him despite being just as worried and overwhelmed as Billy is.

"Yeah, that works," Billy doesn't even realize he's moving until his head is resting on Steve's shoulder, taking a shaky breath.

"Hey, whatever happens, we'll figure it out, okay? We're gonna be fine."

For whatever reason, Billy believes him.

The test is positive, because of fucking course it is.

Billy wants to be excited, he really does. His son was a blessing he knows this baby will be too, already knows he won't have the heart to do anything but keep them. It's already a 'them', a 'baby', not an

‘it’ in his head.

If he didn’t think they were screwed before, he does now.

He knew he wanted more kids but not this soon. Feeding two teenage boys and a baby is hard enough, add in keeping a roof over their head, it’s enough to cue a panic attack and have Billy starting to plan the best way to rob a bank.

It doesn’t help that the second Steve finds out that Billy is in fact pregnant that his protective alpha kicks into overdrive and he’s begging him to stop working at the garage like they could actually afford for Billy to quit.

Billy calls a meeting, an honest to god meeting, of every semi-responsible adult he knows, even invites the kids’ eighth grade science teacher from last year and Susan, that’s how desperate he is to figure out what the fuck he should do.

Joyce and Hopper help him work out budgets, Claudia helps him come up with cheap but healthy meal options and emphasizes the importance of coupons, the Sinclairs help him out with time management, and Karen helps him work out a plan to ask for a raise and a temporary position at the garage that will involve less heavy lifting and mechanics and more paperwork and customer service. He’s always working overtime and he is super charming; it could work after all.

Everyone contributes something and Billy has a plan, which makes him feel significantly better. It’s not perfect at first, having a baby doesn’t exactly give much room for perfection, but it’s something. They’re figuring things out.

Steve, as usual, is the greatest help. He tends to Billy in every way he needs and Billy takes care of him in turn. He doesn’t know just when they got their shit together, when they stopped being two naive assholes falling in love and became mates with careers and health insurance and a precious little boy and another baby on the way. He doesn’t know when they became responsible or when their love became unconditional, but some days it’s the only thing that can keep Billy from drowning.

Some days he wakes up to Steve's soft lips brushing gently against his growing stomach and he finds that instead of shivering from panic he's quivering with anticipation, excited to give their little boy a younger sibling, to make his perfect family just a little bit bigger.